

THE
True-Born Englishman;

A
SATIRE.

BY
DANIEL DEFOE

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

*A True-Born Englishman's a Contradiction ;
In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction :
A Banter made to be a Test of Fools,
Which those that use it justly ridicules ;
A Metaphor, invented to express
A Man a-kin to all the Universe !*

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INTRODUCTION.

SPEAK, SATYR, for there's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis folly, pride, or knavery,
That makes this discontented land appear
Less happy now in times of peace, than war:
Why civil feuds disturb the nation more
Than all our bloody wars have done before.

Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in place;
And men are always honest in disgrace!
The court preferments make men knaves in course;
But they who would be in them would be worse.

'Tis not at foreigners that we repine,
Would foreigners their perquisites resign.
The grand contention's plainly to be seen;
To get some men put out, and some put in.
For this our senators make long harangues;
And florid members whet their polish'd tongues:
Statesmen are always sick of one disease;
And a good pension gives them present ease:
That's the specific makes them all content
With any king, and any government.

Good patriots at court-abuses rail,
And all the nation's grievances bewail;
But when the lov'reign balsam's once apply'd,
The zealot never fails to change his side;
And when he must the *golden key* resign,
The railing spirit comes about again.
Who shall this bubbld nation disabuse,
While they their own felicities refuse?
Who at the wars have made such mighty pother,
And now are falling out with one another;
With needless fears the jealous nation fill,
And always have been fav'd against their will:
Who fifty millions sterling have disburs'd,
To be with peace and too much plenty curs'd;

INTRODUCTION,

Who their old monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneasily obey the new.

Search, SATYR, search ; a deep incision make ;
The poison's strong, the antidote's too weak.
'Tis pointed truth must manage this dispute,
And downright ENGLISH Englishmen confute.
Whet thy just anger at the nation's pride,
And, with keen phrase, repel the vicious tide.
To Englishmen their own beginnings show,
And ask them, *Why they slight their neighbours so ?*
Go back to elder times and ages past,
And nations into long oblivion cast ;
To old Britannia's youthful days retire,
And there for *True-Born Englishmen* enquire :
Britannia freely will disown the name,
And hardly knows herself from whence they came :
Wonders that they, of all men, should pretend
To birth and blood, and for a name contend.
Go back to causes where our follies dwell,
And fetch the dark original from Hell :
Speak, SATYR, for there's none like thee can tell. }



THE
True-Born Englishman.

P A R T I.

WHEREVER God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there ;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The later has the largest congregation ;
For ever since he first debauch'd the mind,
He made a perfect conquest of mankind.
With uniformity of service, he
Reigns with a general aristocracy.
No non-conforming sects disturb his reign,
For of his yoke there's very few complain ;
He knows the genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for every nation.
He needs no standing army-government,
He always rules us by our own consent.
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The list of his vicegerents and commanders
Outdoes your Cæsars, or your Alexanders ;
They never fail of his infernal aid ;
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
Thro' all the world they spread his vast command,
And Death's eternal empire is maintain'd :
They rule so politicly and so well,
As if they were Lords Justices of Hell !

Duly

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Dply divided to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal dictates in his mind.

PRIDE, the first peer and president of Hell,
To his share Spain, the largest province, fell.
The subtle prince thought fittest to bestow
On these the golden mines of Mexico,
With all the silver mountains of Peru ;
Wealth which, in wise hands, would the world undo ;
Because he knew their genius to be such,
Too lazy and too haughty to be rich :
So proud a people, so above their fate,
That, if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in state.
Lavish of money to be counted brave,
And proudly starve, because they scorn to save,
Never was nation in the world before
So very rich, and yet so very poor.

LUST chose the torrid zone of Italy,
Where blood ferments in rapes and sodomy ;
Where swelling veins o'erflow with livid streams,
With heat impregnate from Vesuvian flames ;
Whose flowing sulphur forms infernal lakes,
And human body of the soil partakes :
There nature ever burns with hot desires,
Fann'd with luxuriant air from subterranean fires ;
Here undisturb'd in floods of scalding lust,
Th' infernal king reigns with infernal gust.

DRUNK'NNESS, the darling favourite of Hell,
Chose Germany to rule ; and rules so well,
No subjects more obsequiously obey,
None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they.
The cunning artist manages so well,
He lets them bow to Heav'n, and drink to Hell.
If but to wine and him they homage pay,
He cares not to what deity they pray,
What God they worship most, or in what way :
Whether by Luther, Calvin, or by Rome,
They sail for Heav'n, by wine he steers them home.

UNGOVERN'D PASSION settl'd first in France,
Where mankind lives in haste, and thrives by chance ;
A dancing nation, fickle and untrue ;
Have oft undone themselves, and others too :

Prompt

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.

Prompt the infernal dictates to obey,
And in Hell's favour none more great than they.

The Pagan world he blindly leads away,
And personally rules with arbitrary sway.
The mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his title stands,
And what elsewhere he tempts, he there commands.
There, with full gust, th' ambition of his mind
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.
Worshipp'd as god, his painim altars smoke,
Embru'd with blood of those that him invoke.
The rest by deputies he rules as well,
And plants the distant colonies of Hell.

By them his secret power he well maintains,
And binds the world in his infernal chains.
By Zeal the Irish, and the Rus by Folly;
Fury the Dane; the Swede by Melancholy;
By stupid Ignorance the Muscovite;
The Chinese by a child of Hell, call'd Wit:
Wealth makes the Persian too effeminate;
And Poverty the Tartars desperate.
The Turks and Moors by Mah'met he subdues;
And God has given him leave to rule the Jews.
Rage rules the Portuguese, and Fraud the Scots;
Revenge the Pole, and Avarice the Dutch.

Satyr, be kind, and draw a silent veil,
Thy native England's vices to conceal;
Or, if that task's impossible to do,
At least be just, and shew her virtues too:—
Too great the first, alas! the last too few!

England, unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;
Happy, had she remain'd so to this day,
And not to ev'ry nation been a prey.
Her open harbours, and her fertile plains,
(The merchants glory these, and those the swains)
To ev'ry barb'rous nation have betray'd her;
Who conquer her as oft as they invade her.
So beauty, guarded but by innocence,
That ruins her which should be her defence.

INGRATITUDE, a devil of black renown,
Possess'd her very early for his own:
An ugly, furly, fullen, selfish spirit,
Who Satan's worst perfections does inherit;

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Second to him in malice and in force,
All devil without, and all within him worse.

He made her first-born race to be so rude,
And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd :
By sev'ral crowds of wandering thieves o'er-run ;
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
While every nation that her powers reduc'd,
Their languages and manners soon infus'd.
From whose mix'd relics our compounded breed,
By spurious generation does succeed ;
Making a race uncertain and uneven,
Deriv'd from all the nations under heaven.

The Romans first with Julius Cæsar came,
Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards, and by computation,
Auxiliaries, or slaves of ev'ry nation.
With Hengist, Saxons ; Danes with Sueno came,
In search of plunder, not in search of fame.
Scots, Picts, and Irish, from th' Hibernian shore ;
And conquering William brought the Normans o'er.

All these their barb'rous offspring left behind,
The dregs of armies, they of all mankind :
Blended with Britons who before were here,
Of whom the Welch ha' blest the character.

From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.
The customs, surnames, languages, and manners
Of all these nations are their own explainers :
Whose relics are so lasting and so strong,
They ha' left a *Shiboleth* upon our tongue ;
By which with easy search you may distinguish
Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

The great invading Norman let us know,
What conquerors in after-times might do :
To ev'ry musqueteer he brought to town,
He gave the lands which never were his own.
When first the English crown he did obtain,
He did not send his Dutchmen home again :
No re-assumption in his reign were known :
Davenant might there ha' let his Book alone.
No parliament his army could disband,
He rais'd no money, for he paid in land.

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.

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He gave his legions their eternal station,
And made them all freeholders of the nation;
He canton'd out the country to his men,
And ev'ry soldier was a denizen.
The rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them Lords,
To please their upstart pride with new made words;
And *Doomsday-Book* his tyranny records.

}

And here begins our ancient pedigree,
That so exalts our poor nobility:
'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive:
The trophies of the families appear;
Some show the sword, the bow, and some the spear,
Which their great ancestor, *forsooth*, did wear.
These in the herald's register remain,
Their noble *mean* extraction to explain;
Yet who the hero was, no man can tell,
Whether a drummer or a colonel:
The silent record blushes to reveal
Their undescended dark original.

}

But grant the best, how came the change to pass?
A *True-Born Englishman* of Norman race!
A Turkish horse can show more history,
To prove his well-descended family.
Conquest, as by the moderns 'tis exprest,
May give a title to the lands possess;
But that the longest sword shou'd be so civil,
To make a Frenchman English, that's the devil.

These are the heroes who despise the Scotch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much;
Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd
From the most scoundrel race that ever liv'd:
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransack'd kingdoms, and dispeopl'd towns.
The Pi&ct and painted Britons, treach'rous Scot,
By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-hair'd offspring everywhere remains:
Who, join'd with Norman-French, compound the breed
From whence your *True-Born Englishmen* proceed.

And lest, by length of time, it be pretended,
The climate may this modern breed ha' mended;

B

Wife

Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
 Mixes us daily with exceeding care :
 We have been Europe's sink, the jakes where she
 Voids all her offal outcast progeny !
 From our Fifth Henry's time, the strolling bands
 Of banish'd fugitives from neighb'ring lands
 Have here a certain sanctuary found :
 Th' eternal refuge of the vagabond ;
 Where, in but half a common age of time,
 Borr'wing new blood and manners from the clime,
 Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn,
 And all their race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemmings, Irishmen, and Scots,
 Vaudois, and Valtolins, and Huguenots,
 In good Queen Bess's charitable reign,
 Supply'd us with three hundred thousand men.
 Religion, God, we thank thee, sent them hither ;
 Priests, protestants, the Devil, and all together :
 Of all professions, and of ev'ry trade,
 All that were persecuted, or afraid ;
 Whether for debt, or other crimes they fled,
 David at Hackelah was still their head.

The Offspring of this miscellaneous croud,
 Had not their new plantations long enjoy'd,
 But they grew Englishmen, and rais'd their votes
 At foreign shoals of interloping Scots.
 The royal branch from Piet-land did succeed,
 With troops of Scots and scabs from north by Tweed.
 The seven first years of his pacifick reign
 Made him and half his nation Englishmen.
 Scots, from the northern frozen banks of Tay,
 With packs and plaids, came whigging all away ;
 Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarm'd,
 With pride and hungry hopes completely arm'd ;
 With native truth, diseases, and no money,
 Plunder'd our Canaan of the milk and honey.
 Here they grew quickly lords and gentlemen,
 And all their race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

The civil wars, the common purgative,
 Which always use to make the nation thrive,
 Made way for all the strolling congregation
 Which throng'd in pious Charles's restoration.

The

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.

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The Royal Refugee our breed restores,
 With foreign courtiers, and with foreign whores;
 And carefully re-peopl'd us again,
 Throughout his lazy, long, lascivious reign,
 With such a blest and *True-Born English* fry,
 As much illustrates our nobility:
 A gratitude which will so black appear,
 As future ages must abhor to hear:
 When they look back on all that crimson flood
 Which stream'd in Lindsey's and Caernarvon's blood;
 Bold Stafford, Cambridge, Capel, Lucas, Lisle,
 Who crown'd in death his father's fun'ral pile:
 The loss of whom, in order to supply
 With *True-Born English* bred nobility,
 Six bastard dukes survive his luscious reign,
 The labours of Italian Castlemain,
 French, Portsmouth, Taby, Scot, and Cambrian;
 Besides the num'rous bright and virgin throng,
 Whose female glories shade them from my song.

This offspring, if one age they multiply,
 May half the house with English peers supply:
 There with true English pride they may contemn
 Schomberg and Portland, new made noblemen.

French cooks, Scotch pedlars, and Italian whores,
 Were all made lords, or lords progenitors.
 Beggars and bastards by his new creation,
 Much multiply'd the peerage of the nation;
 Who will be all, e'er one short age runs o'er,
 As true-born lords as those we had before.
 Then to recruit the commons he prepares,
 And heals the latent breaches of the wars;
 The pious purpose better to advance,
 H' invites the banish'd protestants of France;
 Hither, for God's sake and their own, they fled,
 Some for religion came, and some for bread:
 Two hundred thousand pair of wooden shoes,
 Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose;
 To Heaven's great praise did for religion fly,
 To make us starve our poor in charity.
 In every port they plant their fruitful train,
 To get a race of *True-Born Englishmen*;

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Whose children will, when riper years they see,
Be as ill-natur'd, and as proud as we ;
Call themselves English, foreigners despise,
Be surly, like us all, and just as wise.

Thus, from a mixture of all kinds, began
That het'rogenous thing, *An Englishman* :
In eager rapes, and furious lust begot,
Bewixt a painted Briton and a Scot ;
Whose gend'ring offspring quickly learn'd to bow,
And yoke the heifers to the Roman plough :
From whence a mongrel half-bred race there came,
With, neither name for nation, speech, or fame ;
In whose hot veins new mixtures quickly ran,
Infus'd betwixt a Saxon and a Dane :
While their rank daughters, to their parents just,
Receiv'd all nations with promiscuous lust.
His nauseous brood directly did contain
The well extracted blood of Englishmen :
Which medley, canton'd in a heptarchy,
A rhapsody of nations to supply ;
Among themselves maintain'd eternal wars,
And still the ladies lov'd the conquerors.

The Western Angles all the rest subdu'd ;
A bloody nation, barbarous and rude :
Who, by the tenure of the sword, possess
One part of Britain, and subdu'd the rest.
And, as great things denominate the small,
The conqu'ring part gave title to the whole.
The Scot, Pict, Briton, Roman, Dane submit,
And with the English-Saxon all unite :
And these the mixture have so close pursu'd,
The very name and memory's subdu'd ;
No Roman now, no Britain does remain :
Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain ;
The silent nations undistinguish'd fall ;
An Englishman's the common name for all :
Fate jumbld them together, God knows how ;
Whate'er they were, they're *True-Born English* now.

The wonder which remains is at our pride,
To value that which all wise men deride ;
For Englishmen to boast of generation,
Cancels their knowledge, and lampoons the nation.

A True

A *True-Born Englishman's* a contradiction;
 In speech an irony, in fact a fiction:
 A banter made to be a test of fools,
 Which those who use it justly ridicules:
 A metaphor, invented to express
 A man a-kin to all the universe.

For as the Scots, as learned men ha' said,
 Throughout the world their wand'ring seed ha' spread,
 So open-handed England, 'tis believ'd,
 Has all the gleanings of the world receiv'd.

Some think of England, 'twas our Saviour meant
 The gospel should to all the world be sent;
 Since, when the blessed sound did hither reach,
 They to all nations might be said to preach.

'Tis well that virtue gives nobility,
 How should we else the want of blood and birth
 supply!

Since scarce one family is left alive
 Which does not from some foreigner derive.
 Of sixty thousand English gentlemen,
 Whose names and arms in registers remain,
 We challenge all our heralds to declare,
 Ten families which English Saxons are.
 France justly boasts the ancient noble line
 Of Bourbon, Montmorreny, and Lorrain;
 The Germans too, the house of Austria show;
 And Holland their invincible Nassau:
 Lines which in heraldry were ancient grown,
 Before the name of Englishmen was known.
 E'en Scotland too, her elder glory, shows
 Her Gordons, Hamiltons, and her Monroes;
 Douglas, Mackays, and Grahams, names well known,
 Long before ancient England knew her own.

But England, modern to the last degree,
 Porrows or makes her own nobility,
 And yet she boldly boasts her pedigree;
 Repines that foreigners are put upon her,
 And talks of her antiquity and honour!
 Her Sackvilles, Savilles, Cecils, Delamers,
 Mohuns, and Montagues, Duras, and Veeres:
 Not one have English names, yet all are English peers.

Your

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Your Houblons, Papillons, and Lethuliars,
 Pass now for *True-Born English* knights and 'squires,
 And make good senate members, or lord-mayors.
 Wealth, howsoever got, in England makes
 Lords of mechanics, gentlemen of rakes :
 Antiquity and birth are needless here ;
 'Tis impudence and money makes a peer.

Innumerable city knights, we know,
 From Bluecoat Hospitals and Bridewells flow.
 Draymen and porters fill the city chair,
 And foot-boys majestic purple wear :
 Fate has but very small distinction set
 Betwixt the counter and the coronet.
 Tarpaulin lords, pages of high renown,
 Rise up by poor mens valour, not their own ;
 Great families of yesterday we show ;
 And lords, whose parents were, *the Lord knows who!*

P A R T II.

THE breed's describ'd ; now, SATYR, if you can,
 Their tempers show ; for 'manners make the man.'
 Fierce as the Briton ; as the Roman, brave ;
 And less inclin'd to conquer than to save :
 Eager to fight, and lavish of their blood ;
 And equally of fear and forecast void.
 The Pict has made them sour, the Dane morose,
 False from the Scot, and from the Norman worse.
 What honesty they have, the Saxons gave them ;
 And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
 The climate makes them terrible and bold ;
 And English beef their courage does uphold.
 No danger can their daring spirit pall,
 Always provided *that their belly's full*.
 In close intrigues their faculty's but weak ;
 For generally, whate'er they know they speak ;
 And often their own councils undermine
 By mere infirmity, without design ;
 From whence, the learned say, it does proceed,
 That English treasons never can succeed ;

For

For they're so open-hearted, you may know
 Their own most secret thoughts, and others too.
 The lab'ring poor, in spite of double pay,
 Are faucy, mutinous, and beggarly ;
 So lavish of their money and their time,
 That want of forecast is the nation's crime :
 Good drunken company is their delight ;
 And what they get by day they spend by night.
 Dull thinking seldom does their heads engage,
 But drink their youth away, and hurry on old age.
 Empty of all good husbandry and sense ;
 And void of manners most when void of pence :
 Their strong aversion to behaviour's such,
 They always talk too little, or too much :
 So dull, they never take the pains to think ;
 And seldom are good-natur'd, but in drink.
 In English ale their dear enjoyment lies,
 For which they'll starve themselves and families.
 An Englishman will fairly drink as much
 As will maintain two families of Dutch ;
 Subjecting all their labour to the pots :
 The greatest artists are the greatest sots.
 The country-poor do by example live ;
 The gentry lead them, and the clergy drive !
 What may we not from such examples hope :
 The landlord is their god, the priest their pope !
 A drunken clergy, and a swearing bench,
 Has giv'n the Reformation such a drench,
 As wise men think, there is some cause to doubt,
 Will purge good manners and religion out.
 Nor do the poor alone their liquor prize,
 The sages join-in this great sacrifice.
 The learned men who study Aristotle,
 Correct him with an explanation bottle ;
 Praise Epicurus rather than Lysander,
 And Aristippus more than Alexander.
 The doctors too, their Galen here resign,
 And gen'rally prescribe specific wine.
 The graduates study's grown an easier task,
 While for the urinal they toss the flask.
 The surgeon's art grows plainer ev'ry hour,
 And wine's the balm which into wounds they pour.

Poets

Poets long since Parnassus have forsaken,
 And say, the ancient bards were all mistaken.
 Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,
 And good king Bacchus governs in his stead;
 He does the chaos of the head refine;
 And atom-thoughts jump into words by wine.
 The inspiration's of a finer nature,
 As wine must needs excel Parnassus water.

Statesmen they their politics refine,
 And soldiers raise their courage by the wine,
 Cæcilia gives her choristers their choice;
 And lets them all drink wine to clear their voice.
 Some think the clergy first found out the way;
 And wine's the only spirit by which they pray:
 But others, less prophane than so, agree,
 It clears the lungs, and helps the memory:
 And therefore, all of them divinely think,
 Instead of study, 'tis as well to drink.

And here I would be very glad to know,
 Whether our Aſgilites may drink or no?
 Th' enlighten'd fumes of wine would certainly
 Assist them much when they begin to fly;
 Or, if a fiery chariot should appear,
 Enflam'd by wine, they'd ha' the less to fear.

Even the gods themselves, as mortals say,
 Were they on earth, wou'd be as drunk as they:
 Nectar wou'd be no more celestial drink;
 They'd all take wine, to teach them how to think.
 But English drunkards gods and men outdo,
 Drink their estates away, and senses too.
 Colon's in debt, and if his friends should fail
 To help him out, must die at last in gaol:
 His wealthy uncle sent an hundred nobles
 To pay his trifles off, and rid him of his troubles:
 But Colon, like a *True-Born Englishman*,
 Drank all the money out in bright Champaign!
 And Colon does in custody remain.
 Drunk'ness has been the darling of the realm,
 E'er since a drunken pilot had the helm.

In their religion they are so uneven,
 That each man goes his own bye-way to Heaven:
Tenacious

Tenacious of mistakes to that degree,
That ev'ry man pursues it sep'rately,
And fancies none can find the way but he !
So shy of one another they are grown,
As if they strove to get to Heaven alone.
Rigid and zealous, positive and grave ;
And every grace, but Charity, they have :
This makes them so ill-natur'd and uncivil,
That all men think an Englishman the Devil.
Surly to strangers, froward to their friend ;
Submit to love with a reluctant mind ;
Resolv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.
If, by necessity, reduc'd to ask,
The giver has the difficultest task ;
For what's bestow'd they awkwardly receive,
And always take less freely than they give.
The obligation is their highest grief ;
And never love where they accept relief.
So sullen in their sorrows, that, 'tis known,
They'll rather die than their afflictions own ;
And, if reliev'd, it is too often true,
That they'll abuse their benefactors too !
For, in distress, their haughty stomach's such,
They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much :
Seldom contented, often in the wrong ;
Hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long.
If your mistakes their ill opinion gain,
No merit can their favour re-obtain ;
And, if they're not vindictive in their fury,
'Tis their inconstant temper does secure ye.
Their brain's so cool, their passion seldom burns ;
For all's condens'd before the flame returns ;
The fermentation's of so weak a matter,
The humid damps the fume, and runs it all to water.
So, tho' the inclination may be strong,
They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long ;
Then, if good-nature shows some slender proof,
They never think they have reward enough ;
But, like our modern Quakers of the town,
Expect your manners, and return you none.
Friendship, th' abstracted union of the mind,
Which all men seek, but very few can find :

18 THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.

Of all the nations in the universe,
 None talk on't more, nor understand it less ;
 For, if it does their property annoy,
 Their property their friendship will destroy.
 As you discourse them, you will hear them tell
 All things in which they think they do excel :
 No panegyric needs their praise record ;
 An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word :
 His long discourses gen'rally appear
 Prolong'd with his own wond'rous character ;
 But first, t' illustrate his own good name,
 He never fails his neighbours to defame ;
 And yet he really designs no wrong ;
 His malice goes no further than his tongue :
 But, pleas'd to tattle, he delights to rail,
 To satisfy the lech'ry of a tale.
 His own dear praises close the ample speech,
 Tells you how wise he is ; that is, how RICH !
 For wealth is wisdom ; he that's rich is wise ;
 And all men learned, poverty despise.
 His generosity comes next, and then
 Concludes, that he's a *True-Born Englishman* ;
 And they, 'tis known, are generous and free,
 Forgetting and forgiving injury :
 Which may be true, thus rightly understood,
 Forgiving ill turns, and forgetting good.
 Cheerful in labour, when they've undertook it ;
 But out of humour when they're out of pocket ;
 But if their belly and their pocket's full,
 They may be phlegmatic, but never dull :
 And if a bottle does their brain refine,
 It makes their wit as sparkling as their wine.
 As for the gen'ral vices which we find
 They're guilty of, in common with mankind,
 SATYR, forbear, and silently endure ;
 We must conceal the crimes we cannot cure.
 Nor shall my verse the brighter sex defame ;
 For English beauty will preserve her name,
 Beyond dispute, agreeable and fair,
 And modester than other nations are ;
 For where the vice prevails, the great temptation
 Is want of money more than inclination.

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.

19

In general this only is allow'd,
 They're something noisy, and a little proud.
 An Englishman is gentlest in command;
 Obedience is a stranger in the land:
 Hardly subjected to the magistrate;
 For Englishmen do all subjection hate:
 Humblest when rich, but peevish when they're poor;
 And think, whate'er they have, they merit more.

The meanest English ploughman studies law,
 And keeps thereby the magistrate in awe:
 Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
 And sometimes punish their omission too.
 Their liberty and property's so dear,
 They scorn their laws or governors to fear:
 So bugbear'd with the name of slavery,
 They can't submit to their own liberty.
 Restraint from ill is freedom to the wise;
 But Englishmen do all restraint despise.
 Slaves to their liquor, drudges to the pots;
 The mob are statesmen, and their statesmen sots.
 Their governors they count such dangerous things,
 That 'tis their custom to affront their kings:
 So jealous of the power their kings possess'd,
 They suffer'd neither power nor kings to rest.
 The bad with force they eagerly subdue,
 The good with constant clamours they pursue;
 And, did king Jesus reign, they'd murmur too.
 A discontented nation, and, by far,
 Harder to rule in times of peace than war;
 Easily set together by the ears,
 And full of causeless jealousies and fears:
 Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
 And never are contented when they're well.
 No government could ever please them long,
 Could tie their hands, or rectify their tongue,
 In this to ancient Israel well compar'd;
 Eternal murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately that they were oppress'd,
 Their rights invaded, and their laws suppress'd;
 When nicely tender of their liberty,
 Lord! what a noise they made of slavery!

In daily tumults shew'd their discontent,
 Lampoon'd their king, and mock'd his government :
 And if in arms they did not first appear,
 'Twas want of force, and not for want of fear.
 In humbler tone than English us'd to do,
 At foreign hands for foreign aid they sue.

William, the great successor of Nassau,
 Their prayers heard, and their oppressions saw ;
 He saw, and sav'd them ; God and him they prais'd :
 To this their thanks, to that their trophies rais'd ;
 But, glutted with their own felicities,
 They soon their new deliverer despise ;
 Say all their prayers back, their joy disown,
 Unsing their thanks, and pull their trophies down ;
 Their harps of praise are on the willows hung ;
 For Englishmen are ne'er contented long.

The rev'rend clergy too ; and who'd ha' thought
 That they, who had such non-resistance taught,
 Should e'er to arms against their prince be brought ?
 Who up to Heav'n did regal pow'r advance,
 Subjecting English laws to modes of France ;
 Twisting religion so with loyalty,
 As one could never live and t'other die :
 And yet, no sooner did their prince design
 Their glebes and perquisites to undermine,
 But all their passive doctrine's laid aside :
 The clergy their own principles deny'd ;
 Unpreach'd their non-resisting cant, and pray'd
 To Heav'n for help, and to the Dutch for aid.
 The church chim'd all their doctrines back again,
 And pulpit-champions did the cause maintain ;
 Flew in the face of all their former zeal,
 And non-resistance did at once repeal.

The rabbies say, it would be too prolix
 To tie religion up to politics ;
 The church's safety is *suprema lex* :
 And so, by a new figure of their own,
 Their former doctrines all at once disown.
 As laws, *post facto*, in the parliament,
 In urgent cases have obtain'd assent ;
 But are, as dangerous precedents, laid by ;
 Made lawful only by necessity.

The reverend fathers then in arms appear,
 And men of God became the men of war.
 The nation fir'd by them, to arms apply,
 Assault their antichristian monarchy !
 To their due channel all our laws restore,
 And made things what they should ha' been before.
 But when they came to fill the vacant throne,
 And the pale priests look back on what they'd done ;
 How English liberty began to thrive,
 And church of England loyalty out-live :
 How all their persecuting days were done,
 And their deliverer plac'd upon the throne :
 The priests, as priests were wont to do, turn'd tail ;
 They're Englishmen, and ' nature will prevail.'
 Now they deplore the ruins they have made,
 And murmur for the master they betray'd ;
 Excuse those crimes they could not make him mend,
 And suffer for the cause they can't defend :
 Pretend they'd not have carried things so high ;
 And proto-martyrs made for popery.
 Had the prince done as they design'd the thing,
 Ha' set the clergy up to rule the king ;
 'Taken a donative for coming hither,
 And so ha' left their king and them together,
 We had, say they, been now a happy nation :
 No doubt we'd seen a blessed reformation :
 For wise men say, 't's as dangerous a thing,
 A ruling priesthood, as a priest-ridden king :
 And, of all plagues with which mankind are curst,
 Ecclesiastic tyranny's the worst.

If all our former grievances were feign'd,
 King James has been abus'd, and we trepann'd ;
 Bugbear'd with popery, and pow'r despotic,
 Tyrannic government and leagues exotic :
 The revolution's a phanatic plot,
 William a tyrant, and king James was not :
 A factious army, and a poison'd nation,
 Unjustly forc'd king James's abdication.
 But if he did the subject's right invade,
 Then he was punish'd only, not betray'd ;
 And punishing of kings is no such crime,
 But Englishmen ha' done it many a time.

When

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,
 They are no kings, though they possess the crown.
 Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things,
 The good of subjects is the end of kings ;
 To guide in war, and to protect in peace :
 Where tyrants once commence, the kings do cease :
 For arbitrary power's so strange a thing,
 It makes the tyrant, and unmakes the king.

If kings by foreign priests and armies reign,
 And lawless power against their oaths maintain,
 Then subjects must ha' reason to complain.
 If oaths must bind us when our kings do ill,
 To call in foreign aid is to rebel.

By force to circumscribe our lawful prince,
 Is wilful treason in the largest sense ;
 And they who once rebel, most certainly,
 Their God, and king, and former oaths defy.

If we allow no male administration ;
 Could cancel the allegiance of the nation,
 Let all our learned sons of Levy try
 This eccles'astic riddle to untie :

How they could make a step to call the prince,
 And yet pretend to oaths and innocence.

By th' first address they made beyond the seas,
 They're perjur'd in the most intense degrees ;
 And, without scruple, for the time to come,
 May swear to all the kings in Christendom.
 And truly, did our kings consider all,
 They'd never let the clergy swear at all ;
 Their politic allegiance they'd refuse ;
 For whores and priests will never want excuse.

But if the mutual contract was dissolv'd,
 The doubt's explain'd, the difficulty solv'd,
 That kings, when they descend to tyranny,
 Dissolve the bond, and leave the subject free ;
 The government's ungirt when justice dies,
 And constitutions are non-entities.

The nation's all a mob : there's no such thing
 As lords, or commons, parliament, or king.
 A great promiscuous crowd the hydra lies,
 Till laws revive, and mutual contract ties :

A chaos

A chaos free to chuse for their own share,
What case of government they please to wear.
If to a king the reins they do commit,
All men are bound, in conscience, to submit ;
But then that king must, by his oath, assent
To *postulatas* of the government ;
Which, if he breaks, he cuts off the entail,
And pow'r retreats to its original.

This doctrine has the sanction of assent
From Nature's universal parliament.
The voice of nations, and the course of things,
Allow, that laws superior are to kings :
None but delinquents would have justice cease ;
Knives rail at laws as soldiers rail at peace ;
For justice is the end of government,
As reason is the test of argument.

No man was ever yet so void of sense,
As to debate the right of self-defence :
A principle so grafted in the mind,
With nature born, and does like nature bind :
Twisted with reason, and with nature too,
As neither one or t'other can undo.
Nor can this right be less when national ;
Reason, which governs one, should govern all.
Whate'er the dialects of courts may tell,
He that his right demands can ne'er rebel :
Which right, if 'tis by governors deny'd,
May be procur'd by force, or foreign aid ;
For tyranny's a nation's term of grief,
As folks cry *Fire*, to hasten in relief ;
And when the hated word is heard about,
All men should come to help the people out.

Thus England cry'd : Britannia's voice was heard,
And great Nassau to rescue her appear'd ;
Call'd by the universal voice of Fate,
God and the people's legal magistrate.—
Ye Heav'ns regard ! almighty Jove look down,
And view the injur'd monarch on the throne.
On their ungrateful hands the vengeance take,
Who sought his aid, and then his side forsake.
Witness, ye pow'rs ! it was our call alone,
Which now our pride makes us ashamed to own.

Britannia's

Britannia's troubles fetch'd him from afar,
 To court the dreadful casualties of war;
 But where requital never can be made,
 Acknowledgment's a tribute seldom paid!
 He dwelt in bright Maria's circling arms,
 Defended by the magic of her charms
 From foreign fears, and from domestic harms.
 Ambition found no fuel for her fire:
 He had what God could give, or man desire;
 Till pity rous'd him from his soft repose,
 His life to unseen hazards to expose;
 Till pity mov'd him in our cause t' appear:
 Pity—that word which now we hate to hear.
 But English gratitude is always such,
 To hate the hand which does oblige too much.

Britannia's cries gave birth to his intent,
 And hardly gain'd his unforeseen assent;
 His boding thoughts foretold him he should find
 The people fickle, selfish, and unkind:
 Which thought did to his royal heart appear
 More dreadful than the dangers of the war;
 For nothing grates a gen'rous mind so soon,
 As base returns for hearty service done.

SATYR, be silent; awfully prepare
 Britannia's song and William's praise to hear.
 Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse
 Her grateful vows in her immortal praise.
 Loud Fame's eternal trumpet let her sound:
 Listen ye distant poles, and endless round.
 May the strong blast the welcome news convey
 As far as sound can reach, or spirit fly!
 To neighb'ring worlds, if such there be, relate
 Our hero's fame, for theirs to imitate.
 To distant worlds of spirits let her rehearse;
 For spirits, without the help of voice, converse,
 May angels hear the gladsome news on high,
 Mix'd with their everlasting symphony!
 And Hell itself stand in suspense to know,
 Whether it be the fatal blast or no!

BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA.

THE fame of virtue 'tis for which I sound,
And heroes with immortal triumphs crown'd.
Fame, built on solid virtue, swifter flies
Than morning light can spread the eastern skies:
The gathering air returns the doubling sound,
And loud repeating thunders force it round.
Echoes return from caverns of the deep:
Old Chaos dreams on't in eternal sleep.
Time hands it forward to its latest urn;
From whence it never, never shall return.
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry ear, and spoke by ev'ry tongue.

My Hero, with the sails of honour furl'd,
Rises like the great genius of the world;
By fate and fame wisely prepar'd to be
The soul of war, and life of victory.
He spreads the wings of virtue on the throne,
And ev'ry wind of glory fans them on:
Immortal trophies dwell upon his brow,
Fresh as the garlands he has won but now.

By different steps, the high assent he gains,
And differently that high assent maintains.
Princes, for pride and lust of rule, make war,
And struggle for the name of conqueror.
Some fight for fame, and some for victory:
He fights to save; and conquers to set free.

Then seek no praise in titles, to conceal
And hide with words what actions must reveal.
No parallel from Hebrew stories take,
Or God-like kings, my families to make:
No borrow'd names conceal my living theme;
But names and things directly I proclaim.
His honest merit does his glory raise:
Whom that exalts, let no man fear to praise.
Of such a subject no man need be shy;
Virtue's above the reach of flattery.
He needs no character but his own fame,
Nor any flatt'ring titles, but his name.

D

William's

William's the name that's spoke by ev'ry tongue :
 William's the darling subject of my song.
 Listen, ye virgins, to the charming sound,
 And, in eternal dances, hand it round.
 Your early off'rings to this altar bring :
 Make him at once a lover and a king.
 May he submit to none but to your arms !
 Nor ever be subdu'd, but by your charms !
 May your soft thoughts for him be all sublime ;
 And ev'ry tender vow be made for him !
 May he be first in ev'ry morning thought ;
 And Heav'n ne'er hear a pray'r where he's left out !
 May ev'ry omen, ev'ry boding dream,
 Be fortunate by mentioning his name !
 May this one charm infernal pow'rs affright,
 And guard you from the terrors of the night !
 May ev'ry cheerful glass, as it goes down,
 To William's health, be cordials to your own !
 Let ev'ry song be chorus'd with his name,
 And music pay her tribute to his fame.
 Let ev'ry poet tune his artful verse,
 And, in immortal strains, his deeds rehearse :
 And may Apollo never more inspire
 The disobedient bard with his seraphic fire !
 May all my sons their grateful homage pay,
 His praises sing, and for his safety pray !

SATYR, return to our unthankful isle,
 Secur'd by Heav'n's regard, and William's toil :
 To both ungrateful, and to both untrue ;
 Rebels to God, and to good-nature to.

If e'er this nation be distress'd again,
 To whomsoever they cry, they'll cry in vain.
 To Heav'n they cannot have the face to look ;
 Or, if they should, it would but Heav'n provoke.
 To hope for help from man would be too much ;
 Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch :
 How they came here our freedoms to maintain ;
 Were paid, and curs'd, and hurry'd home again :
 How, by their aid, we first dissolv'd our fears ;
 And then our helpers damn'd for foreigners.
 'Tis not our English temper to do better ;
 For Englishmen think ev'ry man their debtor.

'Tis

'Tis worth observing, that we ne'er complain'd
Of foreigners, nor of the wealth they gain'd,
'Till all their services were at an end.

}

Wise men affirm, it is the English way,
Never to grumble till they come to pay;
And then they always think, their temper's such
The work too little, and the pay too much.
As frightened patients, when they want a cure,
Bid any price, and any pain endure;
But when the doctor's remedies appear,
The cure's too easy, and the price too dear.

Great Portland ne'er was banter'd when he strove
For us his kindest master's thoughts to move.
We ne'er lampoon'd his conduct when employ'd
King James's secret councils to divide.

Then we caress'd him, as the only man
Who could the doubtful oracle explain:

The only Hushai able to repel
The dark designs of our Ahitophel.

Compar'd his master's courage to his sense:
The ablest statesman, and the bravest prince.

Ten years in English service he appear'd,
And gain'd his master's and the world's regard:
But 'tis not England's custom to reward.

}

The wars are over, England needs him not:
Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows what!

Schonberg, the ablest soldier of his age,
With great Nassau did in our cause engage:
Both join'd for England's rescue and defence;
The greatest captain and the greatest prince.
With what applause his stories did we tell!
Stories which Europe's volumes largely swell,
We counted him an army in our aid:

Where he commanded no man was afraid.
His actions with a constant conquest shine,
From Villa Vitiosa to the Rhine.
France, Flanders, Germany, his fame confess;
And all the world were fond of him, but us:
Our turn first serv'd, we grudg'd him the command.
Witness the grateful temper of the land!

We blame the king that he relies too much
On strangers, Germans, Huguenots, and Dutch;

And seldom would his great affairs of state
 To English counsellors communicate.
 The fact might very well be answer'd thus :
 He has often been betray'd by us :
 He must have been a madman to rely
 On English gentlemens fidelity ;
 For, laying other arguments aside,
 This thought might mortify our English pride,
 'That foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
 And none but Englishmen have e'er betray'd him !
 They have our ships and merchants bought and sold ;
 And barter'd English blood for foreign gold.
 First, to the French they sold our Turkey fleet,
 And injur'd Talmarsh next, at Camoret .
 The king himself is shelter'd from their snares,
 Not by his merit, but the crown he wears.
 Experience tells us, 'tis the English way,
 Their benefactors always to betray.
 And, lest examples should be too remote,
 A modern magistrate, of famous note,
 Shall give you his own history by rote.
 I'll make it out, deny it he that can,
 His worship is a *True-Born Englishman*,
 In all the latitude that empty word
 By modern acceptation's understood.
 The parish-books his great descent record,
 And now he hopes ere long to be a lord.
 And truly, as things go, it would be pity,
 But such as he should represent the city.
 While robb'ry for burnt offering he brings,
 And gives to God what he has stole from kings :
 Great monuments of charity he raises,
 And good St. Magnus whistles out his praises.
 To city gaols he grants a jubilee,
 And hires huzzas from his own mobilee.
 Lately he wore the golden chain and gown ;
 With which equipp'd, he thus harang'd the town :

The Magistrate's Speech.

WITH clouted iron shoes, and sheep-skin breeches,
More rags than manners, and more dirt than riches;
From driving cows and calves to Layton-market,
While of my greatness there appear'd no spark yet,
Behold I come, to let you see the pride
With which exalted beggars always ride.

Born to the needful labours of the plough,
The cart-whip grac'd me as the chain does now.
Nature and Fate in doubt what course to take,
Whether I should a lord or plough-boy make,
Kindly at last resolv'd they would promote me;
At first a knave, and then a knight they vote me.
What Fate appointed Nature did prepare,
And furnish'd me with an exceeding care,
To fit me for what they design'd to have me;
And ev'ry gift, but honesty, they gave me.
And, thus equipp'd, to this proud town I came,
In quest of bread, and not in quest of fame.
Blind to my future fate, a humble boy,
Free from the guilt and glory I enjoy:
The hopes which my ambition entertain'd,
Were in the name of foot-boy all contain'd
The greatest heights from small beginnings rise:
The gods were great on earth before they reach'd the
skies.

Backwell, the generous temper of whose mind
Was always to be bountiful inclin'd,
Whether by his ill fate or fancy led,
First took me up, and furnish'd me with bread.
The little services he put me to
Seem'd labours rather than were truly so;
But always my advancement he design'd;
For 'twas his very nature to be kind.
Large was his soul, his temper ever free;
The best of masters and of men to me.
And I, who was before decreed by fate,
To be made infamous, as well as great,

With

With an obsequious diligence obey'd him,
 Till trusted with his all, and then betray'd him !
 All his past kindneses I trampled on ;
 Ruin'd his fortunes to erect my own.
 So vipers in the bosom bred, begin
 To hiss at that hand which first took them in.
 With eager treach'ry I his fall pursu'd ;
 And my first trophies were ingratitude.

Ingratitude, the worst of human guilt ;
 The basest action mankind can commit ;
 Which, like the sin against the Holy Ghost,
 Has least of honour and of guilt the most.
 Distinguish'd from all other crimes by this,
 That 'tis a crime which no man will confess ;
 That sin alone which should not be forgiv'n
 On earth, altho', perhaps, it may in Heav'n.

Thus, my first benefactor I o'erthrew :
 And how should I be to a second true !
 The public trust came next into my care ;
 And to use them scurvily prepare.
 My needy sov'reign lord I play'd upon,
 And lent him many a thousand of his own ;
 For which great int'rests I took care to charge ;
 And so my ill-got wealth became so large.

My predecessor, Judas, was a fool ;
 Fitter to ha' been whipt and sent to school
 Than sell a Saviour ; had I been at hand,
 His Master had not been so cheap trepann'd.
 I would ha' made the eager Jews ha' found,
 For thirty pieces, thirty thousand pound.

My cousin, Ziba, of immortal fame
 (Ziba and I shall never want a name)
 First-born of treason, nobly will advance
 His master's fall for his inheritance ;
 By whose keen arts old David first began
 To break his sacred oath to Jonathan :
 The good old king, 'tis thought, was very loth
 To break his word, and therefore broke his oath.
 Ziba's a traitor of some quality,
 Yet Ziba might ha' been inform'd by me.
 Had I been there, he ne'er had been content
 With half th' estate and half the government.

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.

31

In our late revolution 'twas thought strange,
That I, of all mankind, should like the change :
But they who wonder'd at it, never knew
That in it I did my old game pursue :
Nor had they heard of twenty thousand pound
Which n'er was lost, yet never could be found.
Thus all things, in their turn, to sale I bring ;
God and my master first, and then the king :
Till by successful villanies made bold,
I thought to turn the nation into gold ;
And so to forgery my hand I bent,
Not doubting I could gull the government :
But there was ruff'd by the parliament :
And if I 'scap'd the unhappy tree to climb,
'Twas want of law, and not for want of crime.

But my old friend, who printed in my face
A needful competence of English brass,
Having more business yet for me to do,
And loth to lose his trusty servant so,
Manag'd the matter with such art and skill,
And sav'd his hero, and threw out the bill.

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected honours ;
For which I'll certainly abuse the donors.
Knighted, and made a tribute of the people,
Whose laws and properties I'm like to keep well :
The *Custos Rotulorum* of the city,
And captain of the guards of their banditti.
Surrounded by my catchpoles, I declare
Against the needy debtor open war :
I hang poor thieves for stealing of your pelf ;
And suffer none to rob you but myself.

The king commanded me to help reform ye ;
And how I'll do it, Mifs shall inform ye.
I keep the best seraglio in the nation,
And hope, in time, to bring it into fashion.
No brimstone whore need fear the lash from me ;
That part I'll leave to brother Jeffery.
Our gallants need not go abroad to roam,
I'll keep a whoring jubilee at home.
Whoring's the darling of my inclination ;
A'n't I a magistrate for reformation ?

For

For this my praise is sung by ev'ry bard,
 For which Bridewell would be a just reward.
 In print my panegyrics fill the street ;
 And hired gaol-birds their huzzas repeat.
 Some charities, contriv'd to make a show,
 Have taught the needy rabble to do so ;
 Whose empty noise is mechanic fame,
 Since for Sir Belzebub they'd do the same.

CONCLUSION.

THEN let us boast of ancestors no more,
 Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore,
 In latent records of the ages past,
 Behind the rear of time, in long oblivion plac'd ;
 For, if our virtues must in lines descend,
 The merit with the families would end ;
 And intermixtures would most fatal grow ;
 For vice would be hereditary too.
 The tainted blood would, of necessity,
 Involuntary wickedness convey.

Vice, like ill-nature, for an age or two,
 May seem a generation to pursue ;
 But virtue seldom does regard the breed :
 Fools do the wise, and wise men fools succeed.
 What is't to us what ancestors we had ?
 If good, what better ? or what worse, if bad ?
 Examples are for imitation set ;
 Yet all men follow virtue with regret !

Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
 And see their offspring thus degenerate ;
 How we contend for births and names unknown,
 And build on their past actions, not our own,
 They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
 And openly disown the vile degen'rate race ;
 For fame of families is all a cheat :
 'Tis pers'nal virtue only makes us great.

THE END

